

NINETY-SEVENTH YEAR.

SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 15, 1905.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ST. LOUIS SKYSCRAPERS CONTAIN COMMUNITIES WHICH ARE TOWNS IN POPULATION,  
AND AFFORD FACILITIES FOR SUPPLYING ALMOST EVERY WANT OF MAN OR WOMAN

DURING THE MORNING HE VISITS THE BUTLER FOR A BRACER



GETS A SHAVE



HAS HIS SHOES SHINED



IF HE HAPPENS TO BE SHORT OF MONEY

Great Structures Are Cities in Themselves, and the Inhabitants Need Not Leave the Four Walls to Get What They Desire—Amendment to Law Would Mean More Big Buildings of This Type.

Have you ever stopped to think as you entered a St. Louis skyscraper that you were becoming one of the inhabitants of a community that is a town in itself?

Did it ever occur to you that within the building which either gives you employment or contains the object of your presence you can have your brain or corns treated with equal promptness and efficiency?

That you can buy a morning paper or sell short on Amalgamated Copper by a turn to the right or left?

That you can order a suit of tailor-made clothing or a highball, and know that you will be well served in either event?

That you can purchase a ticket and witness the latest ripple in the light opera or drama or become a member of the Moral Purity League?

That you can arrange for the shipment

of a load of hay or secure a tourist's ticket to Europe?

That you can send your soiled linen to the laundry and spend the day in the dentist's chair, with the laundry awaiting you at nightfall?

That if you are injured you can find a doctor at hand who will dress your injuries and an attorney who will file a damage suit?

That if you have not the money to do any of these things that you can make a "raise" in a loan office on the top floor?

Such is the case.

HOUSING 1,500 PERSONS.

It is true in a composite way in the Century building, the Carleton, the Missouri Trust, the Rialto, the Security, the Lincoln Trust, the Wainwright, the Frisco and numerous other buildings that puncture the atmosphere above the normal sky line of St. Louis.

The largest of these buildings houses daily 3,000 persons. They are better protected from the elements than the houses they would be in many of the towns of double and treble their population.

In fact, it would be hard to find a city of 100,000 persons wherein an individual could be accommodated in more ways than he is in every hour in the day in one of the St. Louis skyscrapers.

Every avenue of trade is represented in some manner. The ladies can shop, learn

stenography, have their hair dressed or their nails manicured, take luncheon and attend the theater, all within the same four walls.

The men, in addition to their places of employment, can find nooks in which to take a flyer in wheat, get a cocktail, have their clothes pressed, send a telegram, get a shave, have their teeth attended to, secure the latest "extras" and order the coal for the kitchen range.

Even the inhabitants of these immense structures can do everything but sleep within.

"That's one thing we draw the line at," remarked an agent recently. "It is only a step from sleeping apartments to light housekeeping, and the odor of a pork chop or a 'Dutch dinner' would be a trifle out of place, even in a skyscraper."

"In the majority of buildings we do not even permit the head janitor to have sleeping apartments, handy as it would be to all concerned."

ADVANTAGES ENUMERATED. With the movement now on in the City Council it is considered probable that St. Louis will soon find many other skyscrapers being added to its list.

As a rule they are profitable, but a 125-foot limit has kept many promoters from embarking on similar enterprises.

The greatest percentage of cost, the land having been secured, is in the foundations. Consequently every floor that can be added

after a certain height brings an income that represents an immense amount annually on the right side of the ledger.

The extra cost of its creation is not to be compared with the returns from an additional floor.

The lawyer, dentist, publisher, business college, manager, loan agent, private detective or real estate agent cares little how far he is from the ground.

If it is known that he is in the tip-top building customers or clients will be his. More so than if he were on some side street.

Stepping into an elevator they are literally shot to his floor, and there they are attended to, amid surroundings in which real sunlight and purer air figure prominently.

In the torrid days of summer there is always a breeze to be felt in a skyscraper and in the winter time plenty of steam heat.

Accidents are seldom encountered, and the death list is practically nil in these wonderful communities.

CITIES IN THEMSELVES.

Following is an example of what one man could do if he chose to make the rooms of one St. Louis skyscraper:

Arriving in the morning, he visits the

buffer for a bracer, gets a shave, has his shoes shined and buys a cigar and paper

meanwhile.

Perhaps on the night before he found difficulty in filling spade flushes, and he now finds the drug store convenient.

On the way up to his office he stops at the real estate agent's to pay his rent and inquire when the aforesaid rent is coming down.

That reminds him that his wife needs a ton of coal, and he so informs the coal dealer, who has an office next to his.

Arriving at his desk, he finds an order in the mail that requires a telegraphic answer. The button is pushed and the messenger from the branch office downstairs is at his elbow.

The same messenger is also sent to the tailor's with a coat that needs pressing and a boiled shirt that must be reboiled in time for the theater.

If he needs a stenographer for a few minutes the school on the third floor sends him up a girl. Sometimes she is a

pretty girl. The candy shop is on the first floor to the right.

It being the fifteenth day of the month, life and accident premiums are due. Agencies of the same are near at hand. Also a money loan office if he happens to be a little short.

The restaurant is in the basement. While dining at noon, he recalls that his legal matter he is interested in, and upon ascending drops in at his attorney's. Incidentally he visits the bank to see how he stands or to see if any coupons have grown on his bonds since the day before.

His eyes have been troubling him—the optician is handy. If it's his conscience there is a Mutual Improvement branch on the next floor.

Dropping into the lodgerooms in the afternoon, he finds a brother, and if he desires amusement at night the theater is a part of the building he occupies.

Truly wonderful these skyscrapers.

SALEM CARRIER DID NOT MISS  
A MAIL IN THIRTY YEARS

DAVID L. SHULTZ, READY FOR THE ROAD.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Salem, Ill., Jan. 14.—David L. Shultz for the last thirty years has been United States mail messenger between the B. & O. S.-W. depot and the Post Office in this city. In all these years Mr. Shultz never missed a mail, many times remaining at the depot through the weary hours of the night waiting for delayed trains.

Mr. Shultz resigned three weeks ago and will take a well-earned rest. Mr. Shultz was a soldier in the Civil War, having served three years in the Twenty-first Illinois

Regiment, known as "Grant's Regiment."

He was wounded at the battle of Stone

River and Chickamauga. He is an enthusiastic member of the G. A. R., and from his own purse purchased the furniture, pictures, etc., in the G. A. R. Hall here.

Tramways of the B. & O. and the traveling public have noticed "Toby" Shultz daily awaiting mail trains since 1875. He has also attended to the weather signals here ever since the Government has been conducting that branch of the public service. He retires with a snug bank account.

SECRETARY MORGAN OF THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE  
COMPLETES FORTY YEARS OF FAITHFUL SERVICE

When eighteen former presidents of the Merchants' Exchange gave a gold watch to George H. Morgan last week on the completion of his fortieth year of service as an employee of that body they conferred an honor on a man whose career in the business life of St. Louis has been most remarkable.

As secretary and treasurer of the exchange Mr. Morgan has made his name quite as well known as that of the organization which he has served for nearly a half a century. And this result was achieved without any seeking of notoriety by the man, who was rather inclined to sink his own personality in furthering the ends of a good other good citizen who was too busy with their own affairs to look after the details which they had no hesitation in leaving to his care.

Superstition should have no terrors for those who carefully note the beginnings of George H. Morgan's business life in St. Louis. On January 3, 1865, thirteen directors of the Merchants' Exchange, then known as the Union Merchants' Exchange, unanimously voted to employ him as secretary and treasurer of that body. When he signed his name to the contract there were just thirteen letters in his signature. Probably neither he nor the men who gave him his position noticed this combination of repeated unlucky numbers at the time, but since then attention has frequently been called to it.

HAS SEVERAL OF DIRECTORATE.

During the reconstruction period the transaction of business in the States south of Missouri was fraught with many disadvantages. Other commercial centers, among them several Eastern cities, tried



GEORGE H. MORGAN.

in vain to open up relations with the stricken South, but they were unsuccessful for the reason that St. Louis, through the Merchants' Exchange, had already captured the trade of that territory.

It was then, as it is now, the custom to give Mr. Morgan a free rein in the working out of details, subject to the subsequent approval or disapproval of the Board of Directors. His actions, though sometimes questioned by members or factions of the exchange, have seldom failed to win the commendation of the directorate.

In this has lain much of his power. He has reasoned that the members of the exchange have elected the directors, and that if he pleases the directors he has done his full duty. His steady adherence to this principle has not always worked to add to his personal popularity on the floor.

Physical strength and uninterrupted figures on the output, movement, supply and consumption of grain and other staple commodities. Within hearing of the pit where many a candle has been snuffed by the warring winds of speculation he has been a thing apart, with no apparent interest in the efforts of others to take a short cut to wealth through the option trading route.

HIS REPORTS MODELS OF KIND.

One of his most important tasks has been to winnow the actual business from the chaff of speculation each year and to embody his findings in an annual report. These documents are said to be among the best of their kind. Mr. Morgan himself says that he is not a statistician. It is true that he does not bear that title, but many merchants believe that he would be well qualified to compete with those who make capital out of their ability to collect

figures on the output, movement, supply and consumption of grain and other staple commodities. Mr. Morgan is 66 years old. He was born in Plattsburg, N. Y. Several members of his family rendered distinguished service in the Revolution. At the age of 19 he came West to seek his fortune. For a short time he taught school at Hebron, Wis., for a salary of \$1 a day. After vainly seeking employment in Memphis he came to St. Louis in 1859 and became bookkeeper and cashier for the commission firm of J. C. Greer & Co. At the opening of the war he was engaged the Union cause and rose from a sergeant to the captaincy of the Halleck Guards, which later became Company B of the Seventh Missouri Militia. He was married in 1861 to E. M. F. Morgan and has two children, Blanche Louise Morgan and Herbert Morgan Morgan.

CITY HOSPITAL'S "HOODOO CORNER," CURSED BY GYPSY GIRL,  
IS REGARDED WITH AWE BECAUSE OF MANY DEATHS

Patients Apparently Only Slightly Injured Develop Alarming Symptoms Soon After Being Placed in Reach of Mysterious Influence Which, in the Belief of Hospital Inmates, Pervades This Particular Part of Former Convent Building.



When the attendants at the City Hospital are sent to division No. 15 to remove a corpse they do not ask on which cot the body lies, but go directly to the "hoodoo" corner. If they do not find their burden there, they look puzzled and say: "That's queer."

The corner has come honestly by its evil name. A long line of deaths, beginning at the time the building was occupied by the city as a hospital has given a gruesome notoriety to it that nothing can change.

There is a story that the corner was cursed with a black curse by a girl when the building was occupied by the House of the Good Shepherd. The ward at that time was a sleeping-room and the large vaulted apartment adjoining was the chapel and assembly room.

A gypsy girl was sent to the institution and her wild nature rebelled at the re-



THE HOODOO CORNER, WARD 15, CITY HOSPITAL.

straint. Her outbreaks of temper alarmed the sisters and she was confined in the room where division No. 15 now is for punishment and discipline. While a religious service was being held in the chapel the gypsy girl broke from the room and ran into the chapel. When she was led screaming back to her room she pronounced a curse so terrible in its terms that the sisters paled before her.

The sisters and the House of the Good Shepherd have gone to a new home, the gypsy girl has gone where no man knoweth, but the curse remained, say some of the hospital attendants.

Although the corner is the most desirable in the ward as far as material matters go, wounded men have died there while persons who had sustained much more serious injuries recovered on the cot in the opposite corner. The adjoining walls have been examined to discover a possible leak on a steam or gas pipe, but nothing was ever discovered.

Many of the deaths that have occurred in this corner are connected with each other. A Chestnut street saloonkeeper known as "Curly" Keys was shot several years ago by "Bill" Condon. The ward was full when he was taken to the hospital and the only cot was the one in the "hoodoo" corner. He died of his wounds a few days later.

Condon showed that he shot Keys in self-defense and was released. Less than

a year later he was wanted by the police and Detective George Williams was sent to arrest him. Condon was known as a "bad man" and Williams took no chances with him.

Condon resisted arrest and a pistol battle ensued. Condon sustained a desperate wound and was hurried to the City Hospital. When his wound was dressed he was placed on the cot which had held his victim of a year before. He died within a week.

William Williams, father of the detective who shot Condon, was manager of a dance hall on Chestnut street. In a quarrel with the proprietor, Mike Churchill, Williams shot his employer through the body. He died on the cot in "Hoodoo corner."

It is said that the history of surgery has authentic accounts of nine operations in which a wound in the heart was sewed up and the patient recovered. Three of these operations were performed in the St. Louis City Hospital, the others were scattered over the world.

The operation has been attempted four times here. A wound in the heart of William Gunn was stitched up with all the care possible. From the operating table he was taken to the "hoodoo corner," where he died.

The science of medicine teaches men to become very practical and to scoff at all things occult or uncanny, and it is doubt-

## THIEF FEARED THE DEAD.

Returned Gems, Believing Owner's Ghost Haunted Him.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Ladlow, Mass., Jan. 14.—The gold watch, chain and three rings which were stolen from the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Brown, in the Stony Hill district, about four weeks ago, have been mysteriously returned to the owners. The thief evidently was urged to make restitution by the peculiar superstition that he was haunted by the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brown, to whom the jewelry belonged, and who died several months ago.

The trinkets were found in an old box at the rear of the house. On the margin of the newspaper in which they were wrapped was scrawled a note, which read as follows: "Mrs. Brown: Here is the watch and chain and three rings. I could not let them, as your daughter haunted me, and time I had them in my possession. Yours truly, [signature]."